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OUR PREMIER IN A NEW RÔLE: MR. LLOYD GEORGE TROUT-FISHING AT GAIRLOCH.

Whilst on his few days' holiday at Gairloch, in Ross-shire, where he was the guest of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, at Flowerdale House, the Prime Minister managed to put in a little time fishing before proceeding to Inverness for the momentous Cabinet Meeting. Mr. Lloyd George has done a great deal of fishing in the streams of his native Wales, and, next to golf, it is believed to be his most popular relaxation. The burns round Flowerdale afford some fine sport, and amongst his bag Mr. Lloyd George was able to include a fine three-pound trout.

On another page we show him with his first catch, a trout of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. He is said to have benefited very greatly from his holiday. Flowerdale is a delightful eighteenth-century house in a setting of rocks, rivers, lochs, and woods, and can only be reached by motor, as it is nearly thirty miles from the nearest railway station. In consequence, although he had two secretaries with him, and received dispatches from Downing Street once a day, Mr. Lloyd George had a tolerably quiet holiday.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

PRESUMABLY a man is driven at last to write his memoirs, not, indeed, to tell the truth about himself, but rather about other people. And he does so not only that his friends may not suffer from the wrong imputations, but also that his enemies may not be attacked for the wrong reasons. If your uncle is a miser and your life has been starved by his stinginess, it is an unsatisfying revenge to hear him everywhere reproached for his profligate and prodigal expenditure. Now I, for some mysterious reason, have no miserly uncles and no real literary enemies. But I have a great many literary opponents, and I like to see them hit in the right place and not the wrong. But I have noted, in my experience both of literary friends and foes, that they generally are hit in the wrong place. Thus Mr. H. G. Wells is popularly criticised as mere inhuman intellect, a scientific thinking machine that draws diagrams and formulæ. He seems to me to be a prose poet who suffers from having only too much temperament, sometimes abbreviated into temper. His visions, so far from being diagrams, might have been described as daubs in the days when men misunderstood Impressionism. So far from a sentence being a scientific formula, the sentence is not even a sentence. It is an aposiopesis, ending in a vista of dots. I need not allude to the amazing legend about the prophecies of Mr. Belloc, which was like talking of the mitres of Mr. Kensit or the medicine-bottles of Mrs. Eddy. I know for a fact that through all my youth Mr. Belloc was strongly distinguished as the one man who denied the possibility of prophecy, in a generation of men who were all prophesying. Anybody who charged him with underrating the Prophetical Office in history and religion might make out a strong case against him. As I happen to agree with him on very vital matters, I am in no hurry to have him criticised, even rationally. But I do very definitely disagree with Mr. Bernard Shaw, on these very vital matters, and therefore I want Mr. Shaw criticised rationally and rightly or not at all. I do not mind the shots fired at Mr. Belloc going all over the place; but I want the shots aimed at Mr. Shaw to go to the right place, which is Mr. Shaw.

Thus, when Mr. Harold Owen suggests that Mr. Shaw's main motive is an animosity to England, the spirit of an Irish alien enemy, I am sure he makes a great mistake. Words could hardly exaggerate how much I sympathise with Mr. Owen as against Mr. Shaw in any such controversy as that of the Great War. I have argued with Mr. Shaw all my life, but never was I so remote from him as during the War. But when I first began to argue with him, which was very soon after I first began to write about anything, the argument turned on another war. It was the war against the Boers, which England was waging at that time. Now in that quarrel Mr. Bernard Shaw was on the same side as Mr. Rudyard Kipling. I was on

the other side—on the same side as the Irish. I thought and think such Imperialism bad for England; so, of course, it is conceivable that our national enemy, Bernard Shaw, supported it because it was bad for England. But I think Mr. Owen will agree that this is rather too fiendish a subtlety to be imputed even to Shaw. Shaw certainly supported the English against the Boers because he preferred the English to the Boers. Nor is he by any means incapable of preferring the English to the Irish. "John Bull's Other Island" gave far more offence to Irishmen than to Englishmen; and well it might. For it grants to the

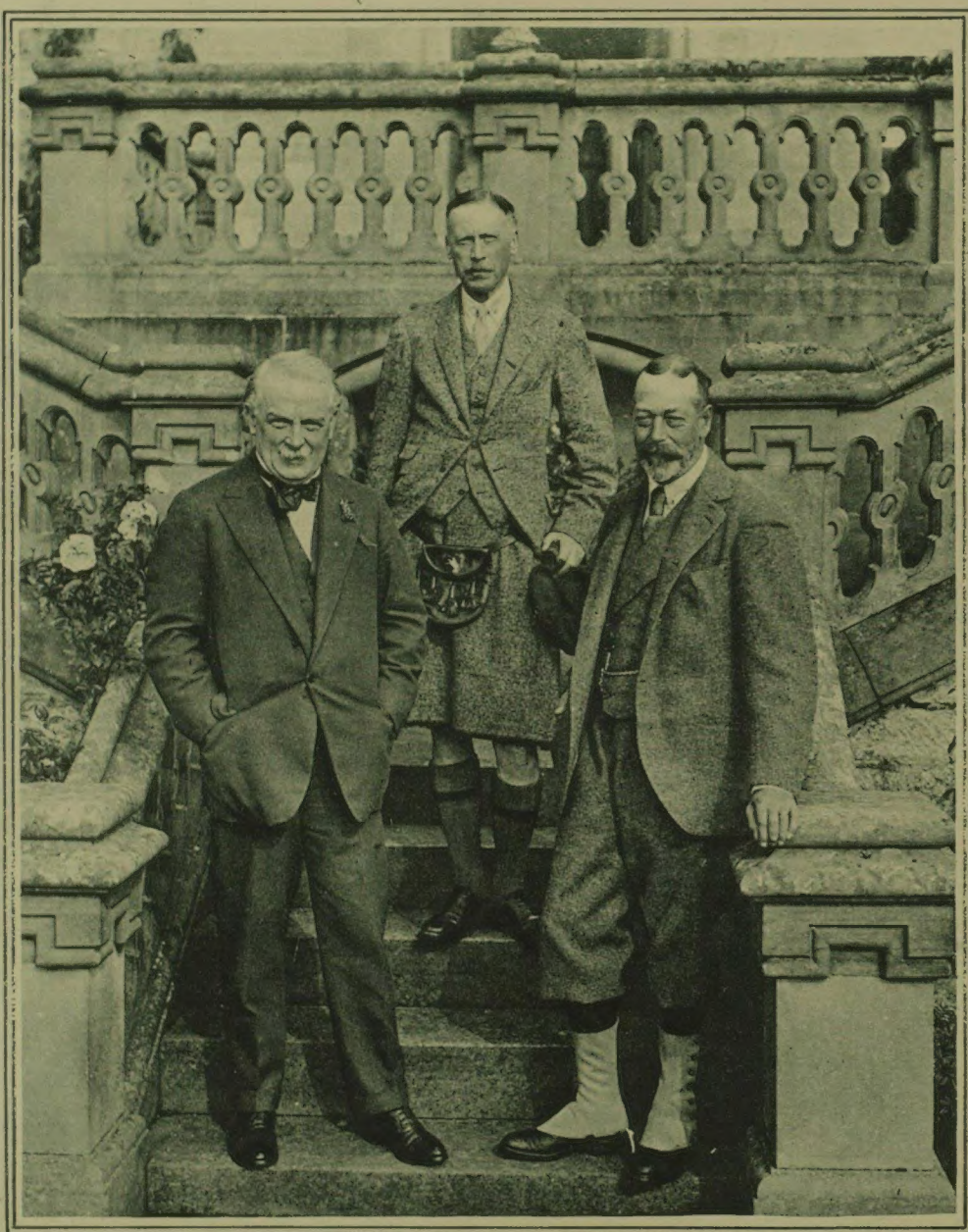
successful; and Mr. Shaw agrees with Broadbent that he is strong and sincere and successful. In a word, the play of this perverse Irishman is really much too complimentary to the Englishman. For it represents the Englishman as being the one thing that no sane historian has ever claimed for him—the one thing that he has hardly ventured to claim for himself. It represents him as being successful in Ireland.

The theory that Mr. Shaw's intellectual passion is enmity to England will not fit in with the facts of his literary life. It will not fit in with the

things which I myself most strongly repudiate in his philosophy. If he were really a wild Irishman on fire with a fanatical desire to destroy England, I for one should have more intellectual sympathy with him than I have now. As an Englishman, I should naturally try to frustrate him; but as a patriot I should to some extent feel for him. Indeed, it would be as a patriot that I should both sympathise and frustrate. But Mr. Shaw is not acting from Irish patriotism or against English patriotism, but rather against all patriotism. In the South African quarrel he preferred the Outlander for the same reason that made me prefer the Boer—because the Outlander was more cosmopolitan. The Outlander was seldom an Englishman; but, as compared with the Boer, even the Englishman was more cosmopolitan. He took a more hopeful view of the business prospects of Broadbent than of the agricultural prospects of the Irish peasants, simply because Broadbent's type of business is more cosmopolitan. Broadbent at least tried to run his business in Rosscullen; while the Irish peasants are not likely to try to grow their turnips in Threadneedle Street. Shaw was not really a pro-German; but, because he was really a cosmopolitan, he did not contemplate as we did a spiritual and fundamental breach with Germany. And this cosmopolitanism goes along with collectivism and similar things, which, if they are not English, are even less Irish.

What is really the matter with Mr. Shaw is that

he tried to tear away the artificial trappings of human beings, and did not know enough about them to realise that he was not stripping but skinning them. He was like one who should cut out a man's tongue, under the impression that he was removing a gag. It is as if people cut a man's sinews when they thought they were cutting his bonds. The realist was wrong about what are the realities of human nature. He would destroy the local affections which are the very liberties which it first demands. He would loosen the vows of loyalty or marriage, which are the most spontaneous speeches of the soul. And the charge against this school is not one of treason or enmity, but of a pedantry so stiff and blind that six million men had to die in order to draw attention to a truism—that the love of country is not a thing as artificial as flags, but as natural as flowers.



JUST BEFORE THE CABINET MEETING AT INVERNESS ON THE IRISH QUESTION: THE KING AND THE PREMIER WITH HIS MAJESTY'S HOST, THE MACKINTOSH, AT MOY HALL.

Early in the morning of September 7, the day of the Cabinet Meeting at Inverness, Mr. Lloyd George motored over from Brahan Castle to have audience of the King at eight o'clock at Moy Hall, where his Majesty was the guest of The Mackintosh. Later, the Premier left for Inverness. The King arrived at Moy Hall on September 5. The next day he went out shooting, and the party of eight guns bagged 450 brace. The Mackintosh is Chief of the Clan Chattan, and Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Englishman the virtues that the Englishman claims—the virtues of the merchant; while it rather denies to the Irishman the virtues that the Irishman claims—the virtues of the peasant. Indeed, it is obvious that the whole Shavian life and literature is hostile to the peasant, and nobody who is really antipathetic to the peasant can be really sympathetic with the Irishman. The truth is that "John Bull's Other Island" is far less favourable to the island than it is to John Bull. The title alone would be enough to infuriate any Sinn Féiner to the point of assault and battery. He would think it sufficient provocation to call it the Englishman's island, and worse to call it his other island. The play represents Broadbent as stupid; but we all know, in real life, that Broadbent himself boasts of being stupid. He vaguely associates it with being strong and sincere and

A FAMOUS ROYAL SAILOR DEAD: THE LATE "PRINCE LOUIS."

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL.



REGARDED WITH AFFECTION AND ESTEEM BY THE NAVY IN WHICH HE HAD A DISTINGUISHED CAREER:
THE LATE ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN.

Lord Milford Haven will always be known affectionately to the Navy as "Prince Louis." As Prince Louis Alexander of Battenberg he entered its service on October 3, 1868, and under the same name he ceased active duties when he laid down his office of First Sea Lord on October 29, 1914. It will be remembered that only just recently he was promoted, as a special case, to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet on the Retired List in recognition of his exceptional services as First Sea Lord. He held that office when the war broke out, and took the first step which "secured the timely concentration of the Fleet." A few

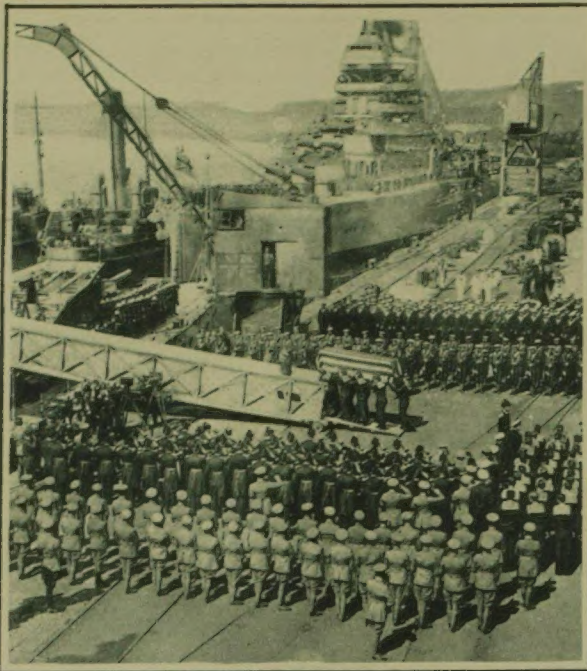
weeks later he resigned because, as he said in his letter to Mr. Churchill, "my birth and parentage have the effect of impairing in some respects my usefulness on the Board of Admiralty." In July 1917, he relinquished the style and title of Serene Highness and Prince, and assumed, for himself and his descendants, the surname of Mountbatten, and was raised to the Peerage of the United Kingdom as Marquess of Milford Haven, Earl of Medina, and Viscount Alderney. He has two sons, both naval officers—the Earl of Medina, who was present at Jutland, and Lord Louis Mountbatten, who also took part in the war.

FROM ALL QUARTERS: EVENTS OF INTEREST ILLUSTRATED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., TOPICAL, CENTRAL NEWS, INGLIS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE FIRST "CATCH" OF THE OYSTER SEASON: THE MAYOR OF COLCHESTER OPENS THE PROCEEDINGS.



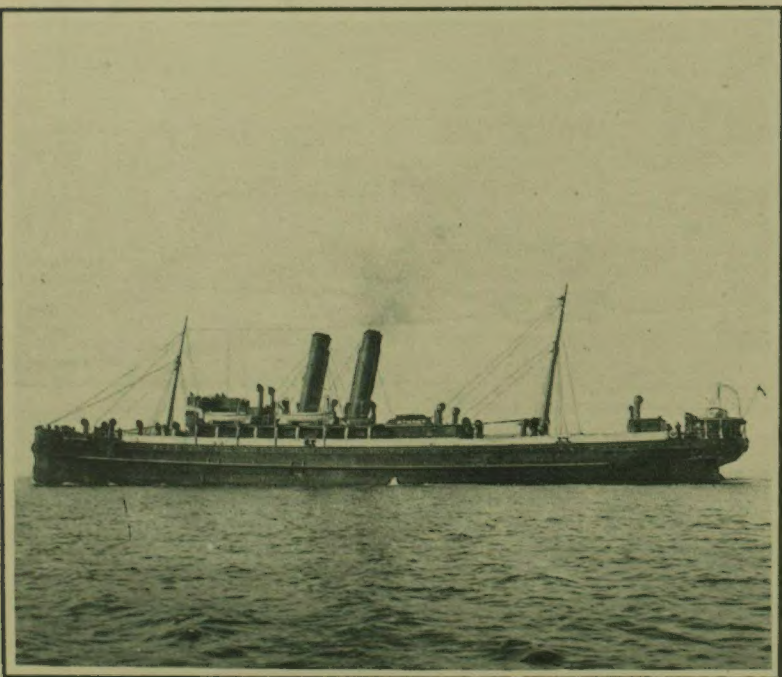
PLACING THE BODIES OF AMERICAN VICTIMS OF THE "R 38" ON BOARD H.M.S. "DAUNTLESS": THE SCENE AT DEVONPORT.



IN MEMORY OF NOTTINGHAM'S FAMOUS V.C. AIRMAN: THE MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN BALL UNVEILED.



THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY AT BRECHIN CASTLE: HER MAJESTY PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE'S HOUSE PARTY.



CAPTAIN FRYATT'S SHIP SOLD AND REFITTED TO CARRY CATTLE: THE FAMOUS "BRUSSELS" AS SHE LOOKS TO-DAY.

Two of these photographs refer to air tragedies. One shows the bodies of the American victims of the air-ship "R 38" being placed on board H.M.S. "Dauntless," in which they have been conveyed across the Atlantic for burial in their native land. The other shows the unveiling of the memorial to the late Captain Albert Ball by Air-Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard. Captain Ball at the age of twenty held the V.C., D.S.O. with two bars, M.C., two foreign Orders, and the freedom of Nottingham. In the photograph are seen the Mayor of Nottingham and Captain Ball's parents.—The figures in the large group in the centre of the page are (left to right), front row—Lady Jean Ramsay and the Hon. Simon Ramsay; middle



THE 50 TO 1 WINNER OF "THE LEGER": LORD LONDONDERRY LEADING IN POLEMARCH.

row—Mrs. Lindsay Carnegie, Miss A. Cavendish, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, Countess of Dalhousie, the Queen, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Princess Mary, Lady Cranborne, Lady Moyra Cavendish, and Dowager Countess of Airlie; back row—Sir Derek Keppel, Lord Cranborne, General Willoughby, Captain Ramsay, Sir Hill Child, Lady Ida Ramsay, and Lord Ramsay.—The famous "Brussels," sunk by the Germans in Zeebrugge Harbour after the murder of her skipper, Captain Fryatt, was raised and presented by Belgium to Britain. The Government has since sold her, and she is now equipped as a cattle-ship to trade between Ireland and England.

THE RETURN FROM MECCA: A COLLECTION-PARADE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



SOLICITING ALMS NONE DARE REFUSE—FOR THE POOR: RETURNING PILGRIMS MAKING A CEREMONIOUS HOUSE-TO-HOUSE APPEAL.

Mr. Forestier has drawn a typical scene at this season in Mohammedan towns and villages throughout the East—in this case at Marakesh, in Morocco. Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, and the holy city of the Mohammedan world, which has a permanent population of about 60,000 people, is visited by nearly 100,000 pilgrims during the annual pilgrimage. Non-Mohammedans are not allowed to enter. Those who make the journey are treated with great respect by their neighbours, and receive the title of Hajji. In some notes accompanying his drawing, Mr. Forestier says: "On their return from Mecca, it is customary for the pilgrims

to carry their sacred flag, with the star and crescent on a green ground, through the streets of the town, escorted by musicians beating large tambourines, playing on their shrill pipes, while a collection is made from door to door for the poor of the city. The gifts are in kind, mostly consisting of a measure or more of barley, according to the means of the donors, and are put by the collectors in their donkeys' 'suharis' or side-bags. No one dares refuse this sort of alms-giving, for fear the pilgrims should call Allah's wrath upon the head of the hard-hearted and his household."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE DANTE SEXCENTENARY: THE EARLIEST KNOWN PORTRAITS OF ITALY'S SOVEREIGN POET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PIETRO BEZZI (RAVENNA), ALINARI,

AND BROGI; DRAWING BY HENRY CHEFFER.



DANTE IN LATER LIFE: ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO'S PORTRAIT.



DANTE WITH A BEARD: A FRESCO AT RAVENNA (FOURTEENTH CENTURY).



THE OLDEST PORTRAIT OF DANTE: BY GIOTTO (ABOUT 1295).



PAINTED ON WOOD BY GIOVANNI DA PONTRE (BEFORE 1465): DANTE.



BY DELL'ORCAGNA: DANTE IN A FRESCO (ABOUT 1350) OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.



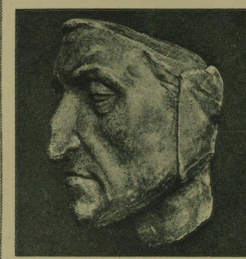
BELIEVED TO BE DANTE: PART OF A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FRESCO FOUND IN RAVENNA.



DANTE AS PORTRAYED BY RAPHAEL: A HEAD IN THE PARNASSUS GROUP AT THE VATICAN (1510).



THE MAKER OF THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE: DANTE—A BAS-RELIEF BY PIETRO LOMBARDI (1400) ON THE POET'S TOMB AT RAVENNA.



A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MASK OF DANTE IN THE PALAZZO VECCHIO AT FLORENCE.



A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE HEAD OF DANTE IN THE MUSEUM AT NAPLES.



WITH A FIGURE (ABOVE) THOUGHT TO BE DANTE: A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FRESCO FOUND IN RAVENNA.



DANTE AS A BOOKMAN: A PORTRAIT BY SIGNORELLI, IN ORVIETO CATHEDRAL (FIFTEENTH CENTURY).



A LINK WITH DANTE IN PARIS, WHICH BOCCACCIO SAYS HE VISITED: THE DANTE PILLAR IN THE CHURCH OF ST. SEVERIN, WHERE HE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE WORSHIPPED.

Dante, the supreme poet of Italy, whose "Divina Commedia" and other works established the national language and prepared the way for Italian unity, died at Ravenna on September 14, 1321. The six-hundredth anniversary of his death has just been celebrated in Italy, and throughout the intellectual world. Dante was born at Florence in 1265, and in 1300 became one of the leaders of the Florentine Republic. A year later Charles of Valois entered Florence with French troops, and Dante's party, who opposed him, were proscribed. In 1302 Dante was exiled, and later was condemned to be burnt if captured. He never saw Florence again. Boccaccio says that, during his exile, he spent some time in Paris, and there is a tradition that he visited Oxford. The Dante Sexcentenary celebrations began in Ravenna on September 11, with a procession to his tomb. The first act of homage to the national poet was paid by the Italian Army and Navy, as having fought for the redemption of a new Italy. They presented a wreath of bronze

and silver, and the Italian Communes offered a great silver bell, to symbolise the voice of the nation. A room containing relics of Dante was inaugurated. It was arranged that the celebrations should continue at Florence and culminate at Rome with a commemoration of Dante on the Capitol on September 20, the anniversary of the entry of the Third Italy into Rome as her capital in 1870. A complete new edition of Dante's works, prepared by the most eminent Italian scholars, has just been issued at Florence by the Societa Danteica Italiana. Dante, who was a man of action as well as a poet, is now regarded as Italy's national hero. "The two sexcentenaries—of his birth and death," writes Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, "have coincided with two movements of vast significance in the history of the Italian nation. Between May 1865 and September 1921 lies the making of the Italy to which we offer our tribute of homage and admiration to-day."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, ALFIERI, RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, E. O. HOPPÉ, VANDYK, SPORT AND GENERAL, CENTRAL NEWS, AND TOPICAL.



A WELL-KNOWN SURGEON DEAD:
SIR PETER FREYER, K.C.B.



A WIZARD OF LIGHT IN HIS STUDIO: M. ADRIAN SAMOILOFF,
WHO PRODUCES WONDERFUL STAGE EFFECTS AT THE HIPPODROME.



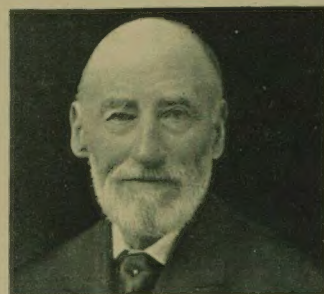
A DISTINGUISHED GEOLOGIST DEAD:
DR. H. WOODWARD.



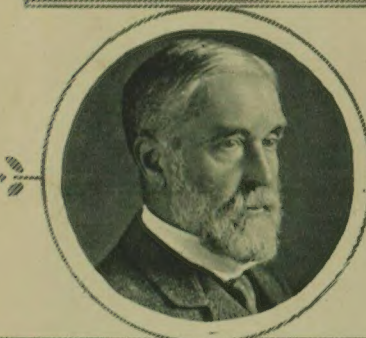
APPOINTED TO AUSTRALIA'S NAVAL
BOARD: REAR-AD. SIR A. EVERETT.



THE NEW MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN: THE EARL OF MEDINA
AND HIS COUNTESS (NÉE COUNTESS NADA TORBY).



THE LATE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS:
SIR H. D. ERSKINE.



A QUAKER P.C. DEAD: THE LATE
MR. LEWIS FRY.



A LIVING ARTIST "HUNG" IN THE
LOUVRE: C. R. W. NEVINSON.



MR. H. A. RIGBY, WHO CROSSED THE CHANNEL
ON A WATER-CYCLE.



THE GREEK EX-PREMIER AND BRIDE:
M. VENIZELOS AND MLE. SCHILIZZI.



THE WINNER OF THE BOY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP:
MR. A. D. MATHIESON.

The late Sir Peter Freyer, famous as a surgeon both here and in India, was the inventor of an operation that cured completely and permanently a miserable disease which had hitherto baffled surgical skill.—M. Adrian Samoiloff has invented a new method of changing a whole stage scene instantaneously by merely turning on a light of a different colour. Introduced recently in "The Peep-Show," at the Hippodrome, it changes a stage setting in a moment without moving an inch of scenery, and at the same time effects a complete costume change in full view of the audience.—The late Dr. Henry Woodward was formerly Keeper of Geology at the British Museum (Natural History).—The Right Hon. Lewis Fry, P.C., who has just died, was for many years M.P. for Bristol. He was one of the few Quakers who have attained the dignity of a Privy Councillor.—

Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson has had some of his pictures hung in the Louvre, where the works of living artists are not admitted, owing to having been described in a catalogue as "late R.A.M.C."—Mr. H. A. Rigby, a motor-engineer of East Croydon, succeeded in crossing the Channel from Folkestone to Calais on a water-cycle of his own construction.—It was arranged for the civil wedding of M. Venizelos to take place on September 14, and the religious ceremony on the 15th. M. Venizelos is the famous ex-Premier of Greece, and Miss Schilizzi, his bride, is a wealthy lady twelve years his junior who lent material aid to the Venizelist cause during the war struggle with King Constantine.—The boy golf championship of Great Britain has been won by Mr. A. D. Mathieson, of Edinburgh Academy.

BRITAIN'S ONE-DAY CAPITAL FOR DISCUSSING IRELAND: INVERNESS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO. AND TOPICAL.



THE PREMIER'S LADY SECRETARY: MISS STEVENSON WITH SIR E. GRIGG AND MR. AND MRS. LLOYD GEORGE (INSIDE THE CAR) AT LUNCH.



WHERE THE PREMIER STAYED FOR THE CABINET MEETING AT INVERNESS: LORD SEAFORTH'S SEAT, BRAHAN CASTLE, BUILT IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



WHERE THE CABINET MET ON SEPTEMBER 7 TO DRAFT A REPLY TO MR. DE VALERA ON THE IRISH QUESTION: THE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN INVERNESS TOWN HALL.



AFTER VISITING THE KING AT MOY HALL: MR. LLOYD GEORGE (SEATED IN THE CAR) ARRIVING AT INVERNESS FOR THE CABINET MEETING.



THE PREMIER'S FIRST "CATCH" IN THE HIGHLANDS: MR. LLOYD GEORGE WITH A 1½ LB. TROUT NEAR GAIRLOCH.



WITH HIS PEACE TREATY GOLD PEN: THE PREMIER SIGNING FOR CIGARS BROUGHT BY A DISTRICT MESSENGER AS A GIFT FROM AMERICANS IN LONDON.

Inverness may be said to have been the capital of Britain for one day—September 7—when the Cabinet met in the Council Chamber of its Town Hall to reply to Mr. de Valera's latest communication. In the early morning of the 7th, Mr. Lloyd George, who was staying with Lord Seaforth at Brahan Castle, motored thence to see the King at Moy Hall at eight o'clock, and went on to Inverness, accompanied by Sir Edward Grigg, one of his secretaries. The rest of the Ministers had already assembled. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George

went back to Brahan Castle, and arranged to return next day to Gairloch to complete their holiday there as the guests of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie. While there the Premier enjoyed some fishing, as illustrated also on another page. At Brahan Mr. Lloyd George received a gift of cigars from American tourists in London, brought by a District Messenger boy. The Premier signed his docket with the gold pen he used for the Peace Treaty, remarking that he hoped to use it also for the Irish Agreement, and he gave the boy a "tip" of £2.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE Puck that pairs off books on a reviewer's table has thrown together a volume by a capitalist and one by a communist, both firm in their opposing persuasions, yet equally firm in their desire to benefit mankind. The capitalist holds by his own order as necessary to the economic system; the communist is uncompromising in her distrust of capital; the one, after agonised searchings of heart and conscience, threw his influence into the scale of war; the other, equally sensitive to the moral question, can find no justification for the sword. War in any and every case is to her worse than a mistake: it is a stupidity. She worked to obtain peace before the enemy was beaten; the capitalist saw no use in anything short of complete victory. But they are at one in their attitude towards the Versailles Treaty. In his first line the financier speaks of "the blight of that baneful instrument"; the other writer was the first person to make public protest against it. The one writer seeks a sane and gradual reconstruction, the other an entirely new construction of society, and to that extent they remain irreconcilable; yet to read their books side by side is to catch a glimpse of that temperate middle way where hope lies for a distracted era. The world requires both types of reformers, who will best find their account in co-operation.

"THE REFLECTIONS OF A FINANCIER" (Hodder and Stoughton), by Otto H. Kahn, is the work of a man, an American of German parentage, who rendered pre-eminent services in bringing the United States to the side of the Allies. He will also be remembered as the donor of St. Dunstan's as a hostel for blinded soldiers. His volume of Reflections is intended to help the cause of reconstruction in America, Britain and the Continent. It records his opinions on the present state of these countries. From recent personal observation of affairs in England, France and Italy, he takes an optimistic view of the future. This country, he believes, has made the greatest progress towards complete rehabilitation; France is "hard at work, far more than she is generally given credit for," and considering what she has suffered, her accomplishment is truly remarkable; and Italy is hopeful, the more so that she has a surplus of labour. Germany he did not visit, but from well-informed sources he concludes that the Junker Militarist and Hohenzollern partisans are now impotent for real harm. As regards Russia, he believes that Bolshevism, as meaning a republic of free workers, exists now only as a label, and puts its further life at eighteen months, "unless given a longer life by the errors of its opponents." He adds (and the words would be endorsed by the writer of the other book referred to above) that, in the opinion of all Russians he met, there was hardly a mistake that could have been made which the Allied and American policy failed to make in dealing with the Russian situation ever since the outbreak of the first revolution, in February 1917.

Mr. Kahn discusses critically the system of war taxation in America, and finds it "faulty." In 1917 the idea was "crudely to take it out of the rich." The rich have suffered, but trade, industry, and agriculture have suffered more, and the greatest hardships have fallen on those of small and moderate means. His arguments apply primarily to his own country, but their significance is general. It is interesting to note that Mr. Kahn regards as "idle" the opinion that the financial and trading centre of the world is likely to shift to America. But he gives notice of America's determination and capacity to take its due rank in the world's trade. Although he holds that the socialisation of industry must prove only "a snare and a delusion

to the working men," Mr. Kahn has friends in the Labour ranks, and the introduction to his book is from the pen of Mr. J. H. Thomas, who, while admitting that the American financier and he differ on many questions, acknowledges that "the number of things on which they are in agreement is indeed remarkable." The appearance of

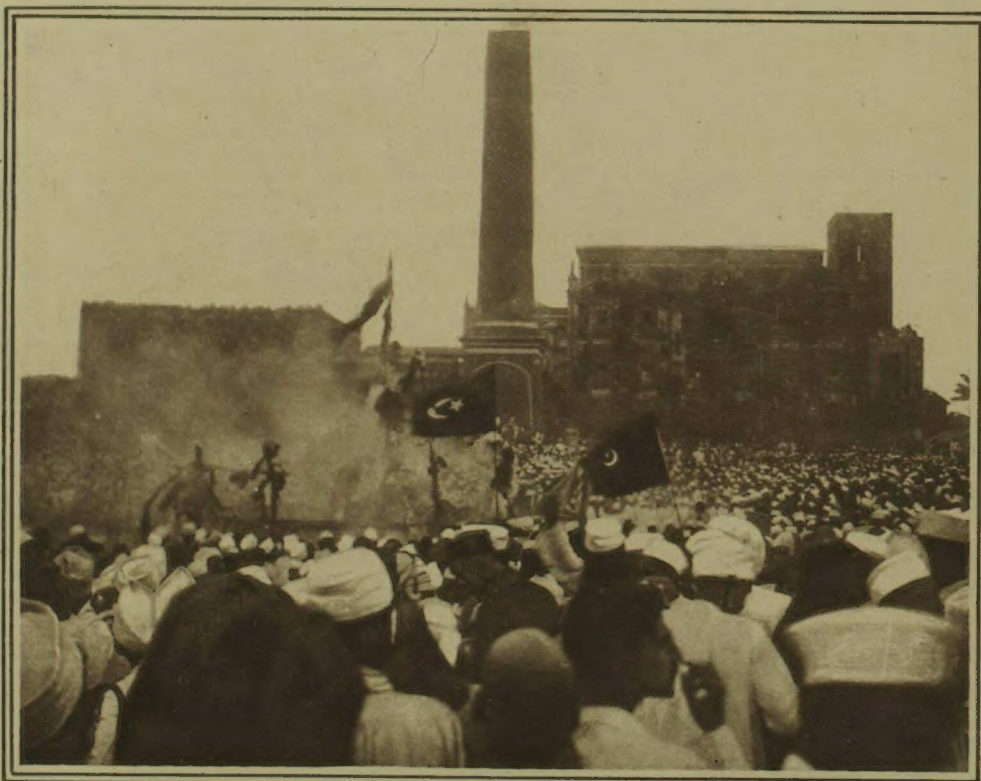


BELIEVED BY THOUSANDS OF NATIVES TO HAVE MIRACULOUS POWERS: MR. M. K. GANDHI, THE LEADER OF THE INDIAN AGITATION.

Mr. Gandhi is the leader of the non-co-operation movement in India which aims at the boycott of everything European and the withdrawal of all Indians from any connection with the administrative machinery. He has advised his followers to boycott the tour of the Prince of Wales. Started with protestations of peaceful methods, his propaganda, as handled by his extremist adherents, is growing more violent in tone. Mr. Gandhi was born fifty-one years ago, and from 1893 to 1914 he was agitating amongst the Indians in South Africa. In India he has come to be regarded by thousands of ignorant natives as a "Mahatma" possessed of miraculous powers.

Photograph by H. L. Boylton.

this preface is a proof that co-operation between Capital and Labour is not a Utopian dream, and Mr. Kahn's essays will be welcomed by every sociologist whose "face is set towards the light."



THE BOYCOTT OF BRITISH GOODS IN INDIA: BURNING BALES OF FOREIGN CLOTH IN BOMBAY.

Amongst his other methods of agitation, Mr. Gandhi has inaugurated a bitter campaign against British goods, especially cloth, and his followers have been persuaded to destroy their European clothing. Recently, before a hundred thousand spectators, they made a bonfire of foreign cloth in Bombay.—[Photograph by H. K. Hales, Calcutta.]

That phrase, by the way, was used by Roosevelt to describe the author of this most absorbing and suggestive book.

The other volume, more impressionistic, more enthusiastic, and most intensely individualised, because the author is a woman, is Mrs. Philip Snowden's "A POLITICAL PILGRIMAGE IN EUROPE" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). Its charmingly discursive pages are in some sense a "Who's Who" to the *dramatis personæ* of the more advanced political movement at home and on the Continent, and Mrs. Snowden has a talent for thumbnail portraits. Her pilgrimage extended through Switzerland, Austria, Russia, Sweden, Germany, Georgia, the Balkans and Ireland, where she met most of the prominent figures in the modern Caves of Adullam. Convinced anti-militarist though she is, Mrs. Snowden is scrupulously fair, and she admits that the British missions in Europe, "with one or two exceptions, have behaved with a consideration and a courtesy towards the people in whose territories they were planted which did them great personal credit and advanced the real interests of their country in a remarkable degree. . . . There was no swanking about the streets by the younger British officers." Perhaps these graces are not quite so surprising as Mrs. Snowden unconsciously implies, but in any case it is good to hear that they were visible to the naked eye. Whatever views one may hold on the possibility of that International Order which is this writer's most cherished dream, it is impossible not to honour her largeness of heart and that womanly pity for suffering Europe which shines through every page of her fascinating record. In a sense she plays a benevolent Asmodeus to regions about which we are only dimly informed, and her book is a valuable contribution to knowledge.

Mention of Asmodeus prompts a word about a recent book of poems in which the author assumes the rôle of Le Sage's demon, and, like Teufelsdröckh *en passant*, reveals the secrets of domestic interiors. He does not lift the roofs, but pulls down the walls, whence he entitles his work, "JERICHO STREET, AND SELECTED POEMS" (Grant Richards; 5s.). The writer is Mr. Wallis B. Nichols, not unknown in English verse, but likely to be far better known before long, for he has the real stuff of poetry in him. I am not sure that the Jericho Street section of his new book represents his talent at its best, and personally I prefer the "Selected Poems," which are a better foreshadowing of the things he promises to accomplish. But the little pictures of the dwellers up and down Jericho Street prove his gift of observation and drama. He shows how the poet—

. . . in one street possesses whole
Life's actual and immediate
soul,
In dwelling after dwelling
seeing
The immortal fire of mortal
being.

In his other pieces Mr. Nichols is not afraid of some approach to the grand manner. Of form he is very jealous, but with it all he keeps touch with the present day. This, from "To a Babe," indicates Mr. Nichols's quality—

Thou art a girl and will be
woman;
Thou art a maid, a slip
of Eve;
Thou art immortal, being
human;
And mortal, too, for love
to sheave.

Maids are but shapen alabaster,
Vases for life and love
to fill;
But, mistress, mistress, love
is master,
And life bows down to
love's high will.

He has vision, imagination, passion and a power of musical phrase that sets him among the company, not of mere versifiers, but of "makers."

THE "MAHATMA" OF INDIAN UNREST: PREACHING "PASSIVE RESISTANCE."

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. L. BOYTON.



SHADED BY AN UMBRELLA: MR. GANDHI, THE INDIAN NATIONALIST LEADER (ON THE RIGHT IN THE GROUP OF THREE IN THE BACKGROUND), ADDRESSING A TYPICAL GATHERING OF HIS ADHERENTS.

Mr. Gandhi is the leader of an All-India agitation independent of caste and creed, with the threefold object of redressing grievances in the Punjab, of satisfying Moslem feeling, which had been wounded by the Treaty of Sèvres, and of obtaining self-government. These things were to be achieved by a process of non-violent non-co-operation, which was to include the withdrawal of Mr. Gandhi's supporters from every phase of public activity. It failed in its original object of paralysing the administrative machinery of the Government; but, as is pointed

out in a well-informed article in "The Round Table" for September, "in proportion as his hold upon the *intelligentsia* waned, so did his influence over the masses—who understand little of his movement, save that it is directed by a 'Mahatma'—proportionately increase. Stories of his miraculous powers have been readily believed and widely disseminated; while thousands have been taught to look forward to the coming of his kingdom." He has recently had a series of interviews with Lord Reading, the Viceroy of India.

BACK TO THE SPINNING-WHEEL: AN INDIAN REVOLUTIONARY "REVIVAL."



DRAWN BY BULLS BEARING CLOTHS INSCRIBED "THE ONLY WAY TO ŚWARAJ" (LIBERTY): A HUGE SPINNING-WHEEL CARRIED IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF DELHI.

On other pages in this issue photographs and details are given of the non-co-operation campaign inaugurated in India by Mr. Gandhi. Its latest mode of propaganda takes the form of a boycott of foreign cloth and thread. Mr. Gandhi is persuading his followers that "swaraj" (liberty) will be attained as soon as the entire country takes to the use of the "charkha" (native spinning-wheel) and wears coarse hand-spun cloth only. Demonstrations were held on August 1 in most of the large towns in the country. In several places bonfires were made

of garments made of foreign cloth. In Bombay Mr. Gandhi himself set fire to an enormous heap of these garments, in the presence of a crowd numbering over a hundred thousand. The photograph reproduced above shows a huge spinning-wheel, 9 yards by 7, carried in procession in the streets of Delhi, on a native cart drawn by two big bulls. Notice the white-clad men on the cart who kept on giving a demonstration in working the spinning-wheel throughout the procession.

HAS THE EARTH BRUSHED BY A COMET'S TAIL?

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



A CELESTIAL SURPRISE: THE TAIL OF A MYSTERIOUS COMET, AS SEEN "END-ON" FROM THE KÖNIGSTUHL OBSERVATORY ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 8-9, APPARENTLY ENVELOPING THE EARTH.

"It now appears practically certain," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "that our earth passed through the tail of a hitherto unknown comet on the night of August 8-9. Shortly before sunset on the 7th ult., an object which astronomers regard as a great new comet was discovered by a Wolverhampton observer to be situated about six degrees to the left of the sun. Five or six hours later it was discovered independently at the Lick Observatory in California. During the interval between these two observations, the object had moved some three degrees towards the sun, and was found to be greatly increasing in brilliance. Passing between the sun and

the earth some twenty-four hours later, its huge tail was swung round towards the earth. According to the observations made at the Baden State Observatory, Königstuhl, near Heidelberg, great radial luminous bands, resembling searchlights, lay completely across the sky from sunset to dawn, and were directed from a point below the horizon, where lay the comet's head. These streaks, which constituted the comet's tail, gave the impression that the earth lay centrally in the tail itself. No trace of the comet has since been seen. It appeared and vanished with equally startling suddenness."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

PERISCOPE AND LANTERN SCREEN APPLIED TO SURGICAL OPERATIONS: SURGEON AND LECTURER IN SEPARATE ROOMS.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT.



AN OPERATION IN PROGRESS SCREENED IN THE NEXT ROOM FOR DEMONSTRATION PURPOSES: A NEW OBSERVATION APPARATUS DESIGNED BY AN AMERICAN INVENTOR.

Surgical operations in hospitals are, as a rule, performed in the presence of a number of medical students, who watch the proceedings in silence from the benches of the operating theatre. Obviously, the surgeon would be distracted by a lecturer giving explanations while he was at work. Such a course would be possible, however, by the use of the interesting device here illustrated, which was invented by Mr. Herbert A. Silver, of Cincinnati. Our drawing is based on one that appeared in the "Popular Science Monthly." A circle of electric lamps is suspended over the operating table, and by means of a lens, reflector, and projecting

lens the details of the operation are thrown on to a translucent screen in an adjoining room, where a lecturer demonstrates to a class the progress of the operation. The surgeon in the operating room is assisted by an anesthetist (on the left) administering an anesthetic, and two nurses standing by with appliances. Commenting on the invention, a high medical authority says: "The advantages seem to be that spectators would see better, and, since they would not be in the operating room, the small, rather theoretical, risk of infection would be done away with."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By EDWARD J. DENT.



THE GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL.

THE Glastonbury Festival is the creation of one man, and has maintained its existence for seven years, in spite of perpetual difficulties, by that one man's energy and perseverance. It was founded by Mr. Rutland Boughton in the unlucky year, 1914. Some day its early history will be written accurately; at the present moment details do not much matter. From a practical point of view, Glastonbury does not seem a very suitable place to choose for a musical festival: it is difficult of access, even by the most direct route from London; it has no theatre or adequate concert-hall; it has not even a definitely musical population, like some places in Wales or the North of England. The chief attraction of Glastonbury was its association with King Arthur and its reputation as the sort of place which was willingly

of financial backing. The operas had to be produced—and they are still produced—under the most trying conditions. The local assembly room holds about two hundred seats. There is a stage, hung with plain curtains; there are no dressing-rooms or antechambers of any kind, beyond a little room the size of a bath-room, approached by a steep and shaky wooden step-ladder. The unfortunate actors have to dress in rooms at the other end of the hall, and then run out, whatever the weather, into an open yard, up this ladder and so on to the stage. An orchestra is out of the question: the most that can be collected is a pianoforte and quartet of strings. The seating and ventilation of the auditorium are proportionate in convenience to the appurtenances of the stage. The actors put up with them, and so do the spectators; that is one of the remarkable things about Glastonbury.

The first years of the festival were naturally its hardest, owing to the war. It survived up to 1916 and was then suspended until 1919. It reopened with a fresh revival of interest, and with a good many new ideas on the part of its founder; but whereas the prices of tickets remain the same, or much the same, as they were in 1914, the cost of production, as well as the cost of travelling to Glastonbury and staying there, has increased enormously. At the present rate the festival cannot possibly pay its way. Last year there were great hopes of building a festival theatre at Glastonbury. This year those hopes were at a very low ebb. Everyone was wondering whether there would ever be a festival again. But there were full houses at every performance; the new developments in road travelling have made Glastonbury easier of access from Bristol, Bournemouth, and other large towns in those parts; and it has already been decided that the festival is to be carried on next year.

One of Mr. Boughton's early ideas was to write a series of operas dealing with the story of King Arthur. Two of these dramas—"The Birth of Arthur," and "The Round Table," have been produced at Glastonbury, and more are expected to follow. These Arthurian dramas have naturally encouraged the idea that Mr. Boughton was aiming at the creation of an English Bayreuth. That idea is erroneous. Mr. Boughton is a gifted composer with a strong sense of the stage, but he is more ready than Wagner was to interest himself in the compositions of other people. Moreover,

he has always regarded the Glastonbury Festival as not merely a series of performances, but also as a school of English dramatic music. To him the valuable part of the festival is the educational effect of the rehearsals. The educational side has derived greater importance since 1919 from the attention which the school has paid to the study of old English music.



A CHANGE FROM THE "STRONG SILENT MAN" HE USUALLY PLAYS: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS NERI, A MEDIAEVAL ITALIAN SWASHBUCKLER, IN "THE LOVE THIEF," AT THE COMEDY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

visited by people on a holiday. The ruins of the Abbey and the legendary associations of the place have attracted to it various other unconventional people besides the disciples of Mr. Boughton; but they all seem to go their own ways without interfering with each other. There is not much accommodation for strangers in the town, but Mr. Boughton secures the services of some capable local lady, who acts like the *Wohnungskomitee* of Bayreuth, and billets people out in private houses, where they are all received with unforgettable kindness.

The first production at Glastonbury was the one that has brought the festival its greatest fame—Mr. Boughton's opera "The Immortal Hour." It has been acted since then at other places, under Mr. Boughton's direction, and was this year produced independently at Birmingham. The music has been published by the Carnegie Trust. It is a work which has been generally acknowledged as one of the most vital contributions to the repertory of modern English opera. But it must be remembered that in 1914 there was very little interest in English opera of any kind. We were still in the days of Covent Garden and the oratorio festivals. It was only after Mr. Boughton had started his work that Sir Thomas Beecham, with unlimited funds at his disposal, was able to effect a revolution in public taste. Mr. Boughton had Sir Thomas for an honorary president; but he had very little in the way



THE THIEF AND HIS THEFT: MR. ERNEST THESIGER AS THE CRAFTY POET, GIANNETTO, AND MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS GINEVRA, IN "THE LOVE THIEF," AT THE COMEDY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

This year's festival was devoted mainly to lectures and to new plays with music. Mr. Laurence Housman read some plays dealing with the legends of St. Francis of Assisi, and also directed the performance of "The Fairy," a touching little play in one act. The most brilliantly effective of the plays was "All Fools' Day," by Josephine Barette, wittily worded and set to music in the same spirit by Clive Carey. The part of the Fool was taken by Mr. W. Johnstone-Douglas, who has acted and sung in previous festivals. In London he has been heard as a concert singer, but it is evident that his real genius is for the stage.

What is the real significance of the Glastonbury Festival? It has its laughable side; and so, after all, has Bayreuth. But nobody can go to Glastonbury as a spectator without feeling that here is a sense of poetry and idealism seldom to be met with elsewhere. And nobody can go to Glastonbury as a worker without learning something new about music and drama. Something new, perhaps, about costumes too; for Glastonbury anticipated by a year or two the present fashion for ladies to tie themselves up like chairs and sofas in "loose covers" of conspicuous cretonnes! To sing or act at Glastonbury may not mean an immediate engagement at a West-End theatre, but it does mean contact with new people and new ideas, and there are many cases already in which a visit to Glastonbury has started a young singer on a quite unexpected career.



THE ROBBED AND THE ROBBER IN "THE LOVE THIEF," AT THE COMEDY: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS NERI (CENTRE, IN ARMOUR) AND MR. ERNEST THESIGER AS HIS RIVAL, GIANNETTO (NEXT TO RIGHT, IN FRONT).

"The Love Thief," at the Comedy Theatre, is a melodrama of fifteenth-century Italian life. The scene is laid at Florence in the days of the Medici, and the plot turns on the intrigues of a cowardly poet, Giannetto, to revenge himself on his enemy, Neri, a Pisan swashbuckler, for the indignities he has suffered at his hands. As Neri, Mr. Norman McKinnel appears in a type of character that is new to him.—(Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.)

THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY: ONE OF THE BEST EXHIBITS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. I. MORTON, F.R.P.S., IN THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY



PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: A FAMILIAR SCENE TO MANY—"THE BOULOGNE BOAT."

The London Salon of Photography, from which we reproduce this highly picturesque example, always has much of interest to show at its annual exhibitions. The twelfth of the series was opened on September 10, at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 5a, Pall Mall East, and will remain open until October 8. It reflects many phases of the great vogue in photography, that has spread so widely in recent years. The scope of the Salon

is international, and contributions have come from all parts of Europe, as well as America and the Far East. It is an exceptionally fine show, having over five hundred exhibits chosen out of the many thousands submitted—evidence in itself of the great development of photography. The subject of our illustration may be said to have a topical, or at least seasonable interest, in view of the large numbers of people who have crossed the Channel this year on holidays intent.

LIFE IN SUFFERING RUSSIA: MOSCOW AND PETROGRAD TO-DAY.

THE following interview with a well-known member of the French Communist Party, M. André Julien, is taken from a recent

goods, a certain equivalent value has been fixed, which becomes law if ratified by the commune. The standard is a pood of corn

hay, 6 buckets of milk, 5 lb. of butter (2050 grammes), 1 pood of sour milk, 150 eggs, 15 lb. of meat, 10 lb. of mixed kinds of dried mushrooms, and 5 lb. of dried white mushrooms.

"The pood of corn is also used as the standard for manufactured goods. Two poods are necessary to get a scythe or a saw, 15 for a horse-plough, 3 for an axe, 5 for a pound of oil to put on wheels. But one is enough to get a pruning-bill, a couple of small hammers, 5 wooden rakes, 2 iron rakes, a metal spade without a handle, 5 lb. of coal, 10 lb. of salt, 4 horse-shoes, an iron pail, 20 litres of tar, 10 lb. of petrol, 30 boxes of matches, 3 arshines (2 metres 13) of linen, 10 lamp-glasses, 3 reels of cotton, 4 packets of needles, 6 pieces of wall-paper, 1000 sheets of cigarette-paper, 800 cigarettes and a pound of tobacco. Coming from the direction of the boulevards we got amidst the sellers of shoes, stuffs, clothes and odds and ends. They are itinerant merchants. They hold their goods in their arms. There is jewellery to be had, silver and ornaments. An actress came to me one day, and offered to sell me her theatrical costumes and furs. It is mostly the peasants who buy luxuries. Satirical plays show 'izbas' (peasants' huts) with grand pianos, gramophones, and numerous watches hanging on the walls. This market is the scene of great animation. Sometimes those selling illicit produce are arrested, though this is rare; they are generally asked to disperse."

M. André Julien adds that the permission to trade freely, which has resulted in this market, has had as a consequence the opening of many shops.



ONCE A THRIVING SHOPPING CENTRE, BUT NOW OCCUPIED BY GOVERNMENT OFFICES: THE FORMER GALLERIES OF COMMERCE, IN MOSCOW.

Photograph by M. A. Julien.

issue of *L'Illustration*, and gives a very vivid and interesting impression of the Russia of to-day under a Soviet Government. M. Julien was granted special facilities to go about freely wherever he wished, accompanied by his camera, and he succeeded in obtaining some exceedingly interesting photographs of everyday life in Moscow and Petrograd, a number of which we reproduce on this page and on two other pages of this issue.

The article in *L'Illustration* is as follows: "M. André Julien, member of the French Communist Party, has been in Petrograd and Moscow, and during that period was allowed to go about freely. We give here some of the photographs he has taken. We have not asked him his views on the political condition of Russia, but anything which can throw any light on the state of that unhappy country is of importance. We reproduce photographs of markets, squares, stations, etc., and these views are bound to be interesting to those Russians who have been obliged to flee their country. They will observe that attempts are being made to revive trade, and M. Julien explains below in what conditions trade is starting again in Moscow: "There are few things which are more picturesque than this market," he says. "Goods are sold or exchanged for other produce. All values have been upset according to Western ideas. Food stuffs brought in by the peasants are of quite a disproportionate importance. Things like a good camera are sold for a tenth less than the price paid for them in France. A Richard verascope, with a Tessar-Zeiss lens; a Gaumont with Goertz lens, are worth about 160 francs. Regarding

(16 kilos). At the beginning of June it was equal to 1½ poods of barley, 2 poods of oats, 3 poods of potatoes, 10 poods of straw, 5 poods of



OUTSIDE THE IBERIA GATE, LEADING TO THE PLACE ROUGE: ITINERANT VENDORS OF CAKES, SWEETS, AND CIGARETTES IN MOSCOW.

Photograph by M. A. Julien.

LIFE IN SOVIET RUSSIA NOW: THE MOSCOW OF TO-DAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN RECENTLY BY M. ANDRÉ JULIEN.



WHERE PURCHASES OF GOODS ARE MADE ON THE "BARTER" SYSTEM: THE NEW GENERAL MARKET, OFFICIALLY AUTHORISED, ON THE PLACE TRUBNAYA.



IN THE PLACE WHERE FORMERLY THE TSARS OF RUSSIA WERE CROWNED: SOLDIERS OF THE RED ARMY IN THE DESERTED COURTYARD OF THE KREMLIN.

The photographs reproduced on this page and other pages of this issue were taken recently in Moscow and Petrograd, and give a very vivid idea of life in the cities of Soviet Russia at the present time. In Moscow the great Galleries of Commerce, once an animated meeting-place for merchants and fashionable shoppers, are now, as so many of our own famous buildings were until quite

recently, occupied by a host of Government officials and their offices. In place of the great shopping centres of former days, the buying and selling takes place in impromptu street markets in various main thoroughfares of the town, where peasant pedlars hawk their wares at astounding prices on the "barter" system, as explained in the article on another page.

LIFE IN SOVIET RUSSIA NOW: SCENES IN MOSCOW AND PETROGRAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN RECENTLY BY M. ANDRÉ JULIEN



IN SEARCH OF A SUNDAY DINNER: PEASANTS FISHING IN THE RIVER
AT MOSCOW



AT THE NICHOLAS RAILWAY STATION, PETROGRAD;
ARRIVALS FROM MOSCOW.



NEWS IN PETROGRAD: READING PAPERS POSTED
ON A WALL.



BREAKING UP OLD BARGES FOR FIREWOOD: A SCENE ON THE NEVA
AT PETROGRAD.



VERY DIFFERENT FROM ITS ASPECT IN PRE-REVOLUTION DAYS: THE FAMOUS NEVSKI PROSPECT
AT PETROGRAD AT WHAT IS NOW ITS BUSIEST HOUR.



CARRYING AWAY THEIR SPOILS: WOMEN WITH WOOD
FROM BARGES.

As has been explained in the article on another page of this issue, the attempted revival of trade in Soviet Russia has been accompanied by a system of "barter": all values have been upset, according to Western ideas. Instead of money, a certain equivalent has been fixed up, which becomes law, if ratified by the Commune. The standard is a "pood" of corn (16 kilos) which, at the beginning of June was equal to, amongst other things, six buckets of milk, 5 lb. of butter,

15 lb. of meat, or 5 lb. of dried white mushrooms. The "pood" of corn is also used as the standard for manufactured goods. Three poods are necessary to buy an axe; but one is enough to get a pruning-bill, a couple of small hammers, an iron pail, 3 reels of cotton, 4 packets of needles, 800 cigarettes, or a pound of tobacco! The trading is mostly done from barrows in the streets and in official market places which have been set up by the Soviet Government.

THE PRINCES AMONGST THE CLANS: AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



HAVING A YOUTHFUL FLING: GIRLS IN A HIGHLAND DANCING COMPETITION AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING IN THE PRINCESS ROYAL PARK.



ROYAL ARRIVALS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE PRINCE OF WALES, DUKE OF ATHLONE, DUKE OF YORK, AND PRINCE HENRY.



SHOWING THE CROWD AND MANY CARS ROUND THE COMPETITION GROUND OF THE CLANSMEN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRAEMAR GATHERING.



ROYAL SPECTATORS: THE PRINCE OF WALES TALKING TO THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF YORK (LEFT) AND PRINCE HENRY BEHIND.



THE PRINCE AND THE SCOTTISH MIRTH-MAKER: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS CHATTING WITH SIR HARRY AND LADY LAUDER.

The famous Braemar Gathering was held this year in the Princess Royal Park. The clansmen came afoot from the hills and glens for miles around to take part in the games, and Highland Society was there in force. The number of motor-cars parked on the fringe of the competition ring was larger than ever. Amongst the most interested of the spectators were the Prince of Wales and his two brothers, the Duke of York and Prince Henry, and they had a wonderful reception as they

passed down the lines of assembled Highlanders to their pavilion. The Princes thoroughly enjoyed the display of dancing, tossing the caber, and other Highland sports. Sir Harry Lauder, who had been deer-stalking in Ross-shire, was among those presented to the royal party. After the meeting the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York proceeded to Dunrobin Castle for a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

MORE WELCOMED THAN MANY HEROES: THE CHAPLIN HOMECOMING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., CENTRAL NEWS, AND TOPICAL



ADDRESSING THE HERO OF THE HOUR AS "CHARLIE, THE KING OF MIRTH": THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON'S GREETING AT SOUTHAMPTON.



CAPTURED BY THE CROWD AROUND THE RITZ HOTEL: CHARLIE CHAPLIN ATTEMPTING TO THANK HIS ADMIRERS.



WITH AN ESCORT OF MOUNTED POLICE TO CLEAR THE WAY: THE TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS FROM THE RAILWAY STATION.

The world, weary of war and sadness, turns gratefully to the man who can make it smile, and Charlie Chaplin, the "World's Jester," "King of Mirth," as he was aptly dubbed by the Mayor of Southampton on his arrival, has received an exaggerated welcome home to England beside which the homage paid to our greatest heroes returning from their victories in war pales into insignificance. The secret of his success lies in his power of duplicating his performances on the film, so that instead of making the patrons of a single theatre laugh for a season, he is able simultaneously to make the whole world smile. His antics

are known to the children and to most of the "grown-ups" from Clapham to the farthestmost cities of China. In London the railway platform had to be barricaded to keep off the crowds waiting to welcome him; and although a strong escort of police was also provided, these precautions were without avail, and the popular hero was mobbed from the moment he left his railway carriage until after his arrival at the Ritz Hotel. His popularity is well deserved, but the hero-worship shows signs of becoming even more hysterical than that accorded to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

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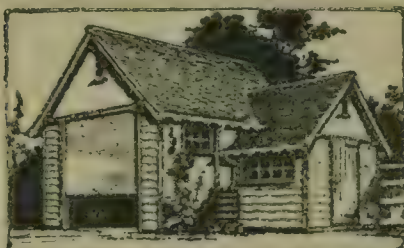
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Toffee-de-Luxe.

*Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe has
the largest sale in the world.*



RUSSIA; HUNGARY; THE BLACKPOOL FIRE; X-RAYS FOR DENTISTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS, EAST PRESS AGENCY, PRESS EXCLUSIVES, AND PHOTOPRESS.



AMAZON "RED GUARDS" IN RUSSIA: A GROUP OF PETROGRAD WOMEN POLICE PHOTOGRAPHED AT HEADQUARTERS.



WITH THE HUNGARIAN TREATY-BREAKERS: VOLUNTEERS GUARDING A FRONTIER ROAD.



DESTROYED BY FIRE AFTER A SUNDAY CONCERT: THE DAMAGED PIERHEAD AT BLACKPOOL.



CAPABLE OF SEATING 2500 PEOPLE AND NOW DESTROYED: THE BURNING INDIAN PAVILION ON BLACKPOOL PIER.



PARTIALLY DISMANTLED PRIOR TO HER REMOVAL FROM THE THAMES: THE LAST OF THE OLD "PRESIDENT," R.N.V.R. TRAINING-SHIP.



X-RAYS IN DENTISTRY: PHOTOGRAPHING THE CONDITIONS WITHIN A PATIENT'S JAW AT THE INTERNATIONAL DENTAL EXHIBITION.

By the Treaty of Trianon, Hungary is obliged to evacuate West Hungary, which was allotted to Austria, but the Hungarians are not complying with the demands of the Allies. The people of different towns and villages have formed themselves into volunteer guards and are opposing the advance of the Austrians. In reply to a Note of Remonstrance from the Allied Ambassadors' Conference, Hungary has pleaded that she is hampered in her efforts to maintain order by the length of the frontier and the small number of gendarmerie she is allowed to maintain. This reply is not regarded as satisfactory by the Allies.—A fire which is stated to have caused £40,000 worth of damage broke out on Blackpool North Pier following

a Sunday concert. The Indian Pavilion was entirely destroyed.—The famous old R.N.V.R. training-ship "President"—once the "Buzzard"—has been sold to a firm of ship-breakers. Her masts have been removed, and she has been partially dismantled.—At the International Dental Exhibition in London one of the most interesting exhibits is an X-ray apparatus. The patient holds the plate, about the size of a penny, in his mouth, and the X-ray is then turned on. The plates are developed at once, and thus a dentist can begin his examination of a patient by a view of the actual conditions within the jaw. It is claimed that all dental troubles can be thus discovered in ten minutes.

IS YOUR HAIR FULL OF "SUNSHINE"?

Try This Experiment at Your Dressing-Table.

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL"—LIQUID SUNSHINE GIFTS.

HERE is an experiment that will tell you your hair is really healthy.

Stand before a window and hold up a mirror so that your head is between the mirror and the light. Then look at the reflection of your hair in the mirror. Is it full of light or is it dull?

If dull, without radiance, then you need to look to your hair. You should apply at once for one of the 1,000,000 "Harlene" Liquid Sunshine of Health-for-the-Hair Gifts now being distributed free of cost to all who would like to cultivate healthy and beautifully radiant heads of hair.

For every truly healthy head of hair displays a halo-like radiance, no matter what the colour—fair, brunette, or black.

The hair that looks dull and lustreless lacks its chief charm. It is all too likely that it is "lifeless," and without elasticity. It hangs limp and lacks the enchanting curl or wave that imparts "the curve of beauty" to the hair.

4 Prime Aids to Hair Health and Beauty—Free.

Yet the hair is of all parts of the body the most responsive to proper health-cultural conditions.

Write for one of the 1,000,000 Presentation "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits and see how marvellously quickly your hair will pick up health and beauty.

There are four prime aids to the health and beauty of your hair in the Presentation "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit that will be sent to you simply for the asking. They are:

1. A TRIAL BOTTLE OF "HARLENE"—the hair-health dressing with the largest sale in the world, because of its extraordinary hair-growing and beautifying properties. Within from three to seven days it makes the hair full of "life." Test this in your own dressing-table mirror.
2. A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDER. This is an anti-septic purifier of the hair and scalp. It takes away the musty odour of hair that is out of order by clearing away all decaying scurf, etc. After use, the hair is sweet and fragrant with a most delicate perfume.
3. A TRIAL BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which protects the hair against damp and extremes of heat and cold, and is especially beneficial in cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. The Illustrated INSTRUCTION BOOK of "Harlene Hair-Drill," which gives you the secrets of hair-health and beauty as revealed by the world's leading authority on the hair—secrets which your knowledge and use of will cultivate and preserve a splendid head of hair for the whole of your life.

All Four Given Free to You.

You pay not a penny for all these four prime aids to the health and beauty of your hair. You send only 4d. stamps for packing and postage to your address.

Your use of "Harlene" according to the revealed secrets of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will be a daily delight.

It acts as "The Wine of Hair Health and Beauty." It will endow your hair with new life, and colour, and radiance. "Harlene" makes your hair as fragrant as a rose, free from the all-too-common "hair-odour." Instead of feeling heavy and clammy, the influence of "Harlene" makes it light and lissom and fairy-like to the view and touch—a vision of delight to the eyes of others and as fragrant as wild honeysuckle.

Hair Looks Nearly Twice as Plentiful.

See how after the very first trial of the liquid sunshine of "Harlene" (according to the interesting "Hair-Drill" instructions) your hair looks nearly twice as plentiful—due to the action of "Harlene" in making every hair elastically "independent" of clinging together in a clammy embrace. All these beauty possibilities you can try upon your own hair at not a penny cost for materials or instructions. You are offered—and you are therefore entitled to—one of the

1,000,000 Free Hair Culture Gifts Offered Gratis to Readers.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle; from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct, on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.



A HEALTH-AND-BEAUTY "TEST" FOR YOUR HAIR.
Read this article for instructions for an interesting test to see if your hair is full of "The Sunshine of Health."

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

THE COMPLETE OUTFIT FREE



"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED, 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

(Illustrated London News, 17/9/21)

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.

LADIES' NEWS.

I AM much amused to be confirmed in my opinion by almost every woman I ask that Mr. Owen Nares's contribution to the discussion on "The New Woman" in one of our great "dailies" is the best of any. There we come back to the primitive fact that a man knows woman in the abstract better than do her own sisters. It is a curious commentary that the man whose commonsense should diagnose us best is what is colloquially called a *Matinée Idol*, a phrase coined to express the modern girl's craze for good-looking actors. Of course, Mr. Owen Nares is a manly man, and a man's man, and a clever actor. It is no fault of his that silly girls dote upon his looks; but it is curious that he knows the silliness to be but a surface matter, and beneath it the girl's the girl for a' that—with apologies to Robbie Burns. Herbert said: "Words are women; deeds are men," and neither the words nor the women are new!

Apparently the meteorological authorities are in no niggardly mood, for September is glorious, so far, and promises well for late holidays. It makes also ideal conditions for country-house visiting and partridge-shooting. It has also extended the Scotch tourist season: the shooting and stalking always keep the sporting folk up in the North until nearly the end of October. Now the men sightseers are staying on. The Cabinet meeting at Inverness last week was interesting; also the King's visit to Moy Hall; and then the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York went to Dunrobin; and next week will see the Northern Meeting in Inverness—always a well-attended and picturesque affair—which the Prince and the Duke of York are said to intend to patronise. The Duke, who is Earl of Inverness, was there last year. There are games, pony races, and balls. I shall not, however, be surprised if their Royal Highnesses do not go. Dunrobin is over sixty miles further North; but that means little in these days of motor-cars. The Duke of Sutherland's private train does the journey quickly, and as he is one of the principal shareholders in the Highland Railway, he can have the line—a single one—cleared for him at short notice. I believe he always arranges to run the train when it will not interfere with ordinary traffic.

Meanwhile, London is not so dull as one might suppose. True, roads are up, and outside decoration going on. Yet there are many people lunching and dining in restaurants, and going to plays and concerts. The shops are not deserted, but business is not brisk. We miss the usual American visitors,

who are said to be returning from Paris to Cherbourg direct to their own country, without spending money in England. The chief reason for this seems to be that the principal object of their trip was to see the



A DISTINCTIVE DRESS.

The charms of a cup of tea are undoubtedly increased for a woman when she is conscious of the fact that she is wearing a Poiret frock, most original in design and most becoming.

Photograph by Delphi.

battlefields of France and Belgium, and that, prices reigning very high in both countries, their treasury has been exhausted and they cannot afford England.

M. Venizelos and his bride are going to America for their honeymoon. It must interest this statesman to see that his policy is being followed, and to reflect that American fortunes are finding their way into the Greek Royal Family—first, that of Mrs. Leeds, now the wife of Prince Christopher of Greece; and then that of her son, who is to marry Princess Xenia, younger daughter of the Grand Duchess George, niece of the person we call "Tino," whom the Greeks have made their King. The Leeds fortune is a very big one, but no bigger, I am told, than that of Princess George of Greece, who was Princess Marie Bonaparte, and whose trousseau was the wonder of Paris in 1907. The Greek Royal Family is a handsome one: "Tino" was a very good-looking man when he and his wife and family used to spend a good deal of time at Seaford and Eastbourne, and their children used to have good times playing by the sea. They were Crown Prince and Princess then, and they were probably their happiest days.

Furs, it appears to me, are going to be as dear as ever this winter, if not dearer. The fact is that really fine furs have never gone down in price. The faked variety have fallen out of feminine favour and entered the cheap and nasty category. Those being prepared for the winter are lovely and are wonderfully soft, almost as capable of draping gracefully as chiffon. The attainment of this condition in fine skins demands skilled workmanship, and fur-workers command first-rate salaries. With dear skins to begin with, dear workers to dress them, and still dearer workers to make them, we stand small chance of a slump in the price of fine furs.

Autumn dress models are reaching us earlier than usual, and it will be good news to my readers that H. J. Nicoll and Co., 114-120, Regent Street, have arranged for a wonderful display of the very latest English and French fashions, by mannequins, between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. and 3 and 5 p.m., from the 19th to the 23rd, inclusive. These new models include autumn costumes, coat-frocks, coats, wraps, and capes. Many are creations by artists whose reputation is international, and which have been brought from Paris by Nicoll's buyers. The house has itself an international fame for workmanship, style, and quality, and is placed in the first rank by women who have the *flair* for dress. This autumn will see tailor-built costumes take the lead, and Nicoll takes the lead in tailor-built costumes. The invitation, therefore, of this firm to all who have an hour to spare to witness these fashion parades will be eagerly accepted. A. E. L.

WHAT YOUR FACE MEANS.

By the Principal of L'INSTITUT HYSTOGÈNE, 40, Baker Street, W.1.

THE cry of the human heart is always for beauty. To be beautiful is an unquenchable desire in a woman. To be handsome, or at any rate good-looking, is the inmost wish of most men.

In its perfection beauty embraces the mind, the form, and the face. And beauty—in all its degrees for both men and women—is within the reach of longing and despairing thousands—if they will but have a little courage.

One develops the mind as a matter of course.

As a matter of course one exercises and controls the body.

But the face . . . ?

The face is just left very largely to take its chance. Care, worry and sorrow may work upon it as they will. As they do! For, of all parts of the body the face is the most plastic—the most alterable. It is the readiest to receive and to record impressions from within, and impressions from without.

Almost every circumstance of life makes war upon the face.

And time is the arch enemy!

Face value. You know the phrase. Well, what is the value of your face? Is it a good—or a bad—introduction? Is it a cause of mental suffering, a cause of mind agony? Is it something that you are afraid of showing?

If such is your unhappy lot, remember that your tragedy is sheer farce to the world.

To win the world you must please the world. The surest way is to present a pleasing face.

Throw away your timidity. Be bold! Take the matter in hand for yourself. Do what thousands of others—once despairing like yourself—have done. They brought their troubles to me.

Your face is your own, and your face is your fortune—in my hands.

I have evolved and practised my methods for fifteen years—in London, Paris and New York.

In London my consulting-rooms are at 40, Baker Street, where I have been practising for the past eleven years, during which time I have successfully dealt with over 6000 cases.

You, yourself, know your own special defect, and your general defects, too, well. They may be natural disfigurements or time-traced lines, loss of face contour, a permanent frown, loose skin, age-giving wrinkles. It matters not what. Just something you may want to remedy, or wish to possess.

As an observer of human nature, I appreciate your motive to look—your best, knowing that it is not based on selfishness, but on the desire to bring pleasure to some one beloved.



Smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration: you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day without the least inconvenience.

ESTABLISHED 1910.



"Beautifully cool

and sweet smoking."

PLAYER'S Navy Cut Tobacco

PACKED IN VARYING DEGREES OF STRENGTH TO SUIT
EVERY CLASS OF SMOKER.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut - PER OZ.

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Also PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE (a development of Player's Navy Cut). Packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz. air-tight tins at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.

PLAYER'S Navy Cut Cigarettes

Have a world-wide reputation. They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—
MILD AND MEDIUM.

MILD (Gold Leaf)

100 for 5/10; 50 for 2/11
24 for 1/5; 12 for 8 1/2d.

MEDIUM

100 for 4/8; 50 for 2/5
20 for 11 1/2d.; 10 for 6d.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P 886



The sauce which makes
a good dinner perfect.

"A very little sauce is
sufficient." True; but

**PYTCHLEY
HUNT**

sauce is so appetising,
you want that "little"
very often.

Of all Grocers and Stores,
1/2 and 2/- a Bottle.

Makers:
REYNARD & CO., LTD.,
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ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years
Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds
and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 6d. & 1s. 6d.



STYLE and value—a hat which
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Each and every hat can be relied
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New Models—each with the Stetson Quality Mark—obtain-
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KREEM TOFFEE—the
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front, and in every other place
where joy and happiness are
sought. Pure and wholesome,
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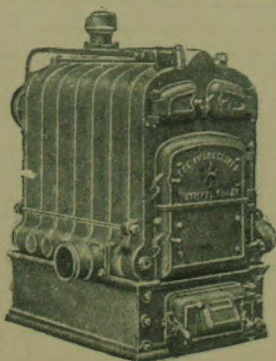
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Brighton in 60 minutes, twice daily.
The "Southern Belle," Pullman Express,
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*Not Bexhill, St. Leonards and
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bourne only. § Not Seafoord.

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From per doz. From per doz.
SHERRY - 54/- BURGUNDY - 42/-
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BRANDY, WHISKEY, RUM, GIN, etc.

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FILTER

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Day of the Small Car. I am not at all one of those whole-hoggers who profess to see the doom of the big car in the ever-increasing efficiency of the smaller vehicle. There will always be a strong demand for the large

or two possible exceptions, the modern light car is not designed to carry the loads that one sees put upon it. It is nothing nowadays to see a "light" car carrying six or even seven people, and one cannot help thinking sometimes that we badly want a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Small Cars. Undoubtedly, this is the day of the small car. I purposely refrain from using the word "light" in this connection, because I am becoming convinced that the type will have to be considerably modified if it is to continue to give all-round satisfaction. It must be more the "small big car"—like the 10-15-h.p. Fiat—than what is now known as the light car. If rumour does not lie once more, we are likely to see at the Show more than one small car designed along these lines, and produced by famous British manufacturers who have won their reputations with large cars. It is very much a sign of the times.

The Motoring Barometer Rising.

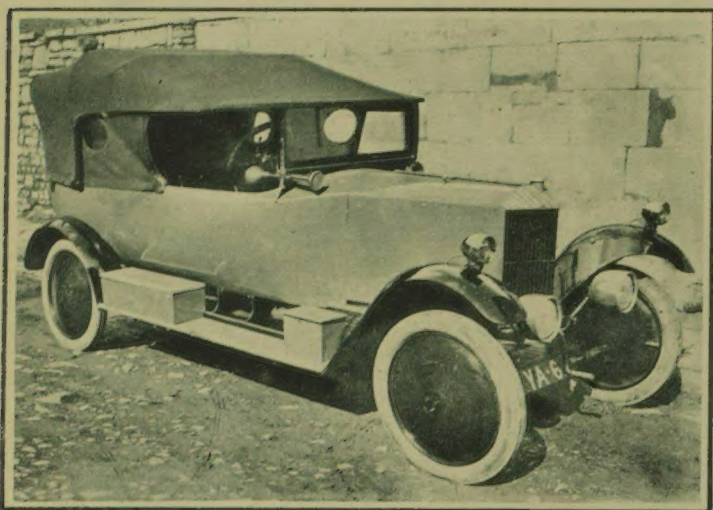
The Automobile Association, with its membership of over 160,000, is a reliable barometer of the state of the motoring industry. It is interesting to note, therefore, that the number of car-owners

joining the A.A. since May 1 last (the commencement of the touring season) shows an increase of 24 per cent. compared with 1920. That more use is being made of cars and motor-cycles is indicated by the touring records of the A.A. Applications for home routes have increased by 64 per cent. over last year, whilst the number of triptyques issued to members going abroad has risen by 22 per cent. Over 42,000 calls were made at the London and Area Headquarters by members and potential members in connection with motoring matters during the four months ending Aug. 31.

Signalling Devices.

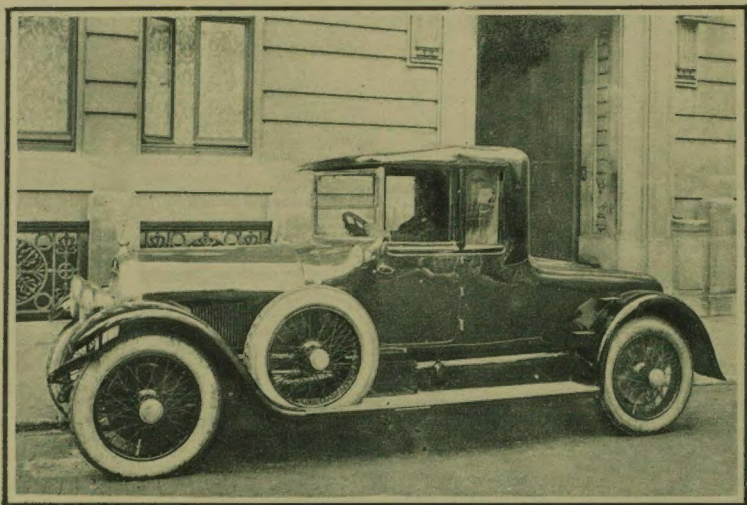
Recently quite a number of devices for enabling the driver of a car to signal his intentions to following traffic have been marketed. Most of them are ingenious,

and some are exceptionally good and effective. Whether there is any necessity for their general adoption is, however, a very arguable matter. I can quite see their necessity in the case of cars with a totally enclosed drive, because of the difficulty, often amounting to impossibility, of the driver being able to indicate his intentions in the orthodox manner. But I have lately seen several two-seaters of the open type equipped with one or other of these inventions, and I really cannot see where they come in. There is a certain number of motorists who will always fit up any new "gadget" just for the sake of having it. I plead guilty to a *penchant* that way, but before I do add to my collection I want to be sure that the new addition is really calculated to add to my comfort and safety in driving. I cannot say I am impressed by the mechanical or electrical signal, because it seems to me that one has quite enough to do in traffic without having one's attention distracted by the necessity for seeing that the signal arrangement is properly set to show what it is intended to do. Obviously, danger is greatly increased if through carelessness or inadvertence the signal is set to indicate a turn to the right when one intends to stop on the near side of the road. This is the sort of thing which can easily happen with the best of these devices, and that seems to me a sufficient reason



A WELL-KNOWN BRITISH LIGHT CAR: THE 11-H.P. HORSTMANN.

car of adequate horse-power, if only because the natural limitations of accommodation in the case of the small car of 10-h.p. or thereabouts are so rigidly defined. You cannot ask these small cars to do more than a certain set task. If more is wanted, then we must go for the heavier vehicle, with its correspondingly higher horse-power and fuller passenger capacity. Already, people are beginning to find out that it is neither fair nor practical to load up the small car as seems to be the fashion nowadays. It is a mistake to put a four or five-seated body on to the light chassis of a car which was primarily designed as a two-seater. The little fellows will not stand it for very long. Springs flatten out, and the chassis gets out of truth; while tyre-wear, owing to the fact that the light-car manufacturer simply will not fit tyres large enough, is abnormal. Only the engine is up to its work. That is the one direction in which one gets full efficiency. The average 11.9-h.p. engine of to-day develops a full 20 to 22-h.p. at full revolutions, and this is quite enough to pull any reasonable load anywhere, and to put up a very good average speed withal. But there is no getting away from the fact that, with one



AN ELEGANT TWO-SEATER: THE EIGHT-CYLINDER 27.9-H.P. TALBOT-DARRACQ COUPÉ.

against their general adoption. I admit I have no actual road experience of the intention-indicator, but those are my impressions. W. W.

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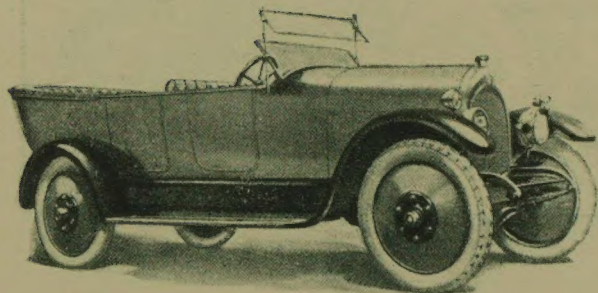
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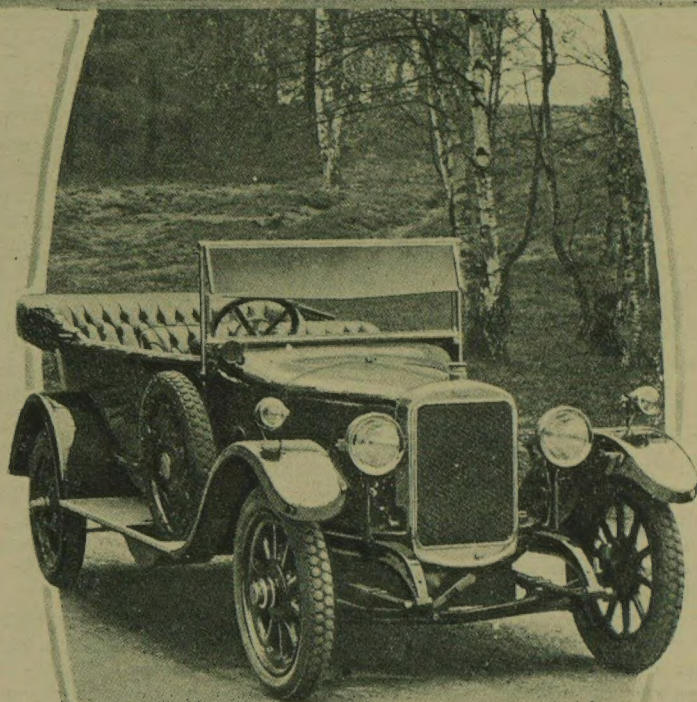


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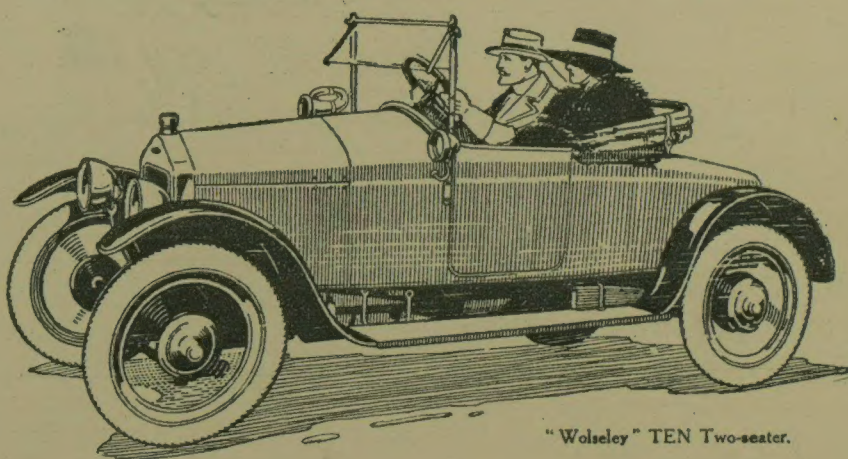
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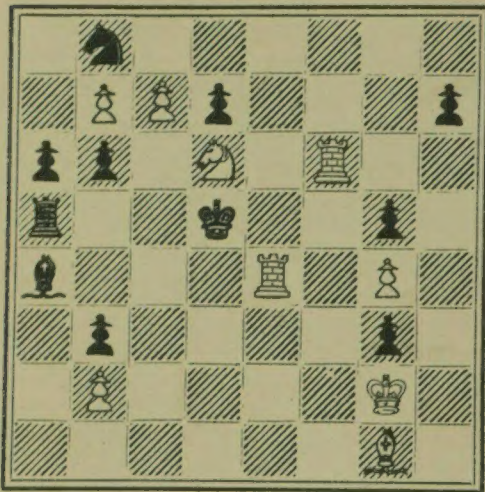


"Wolseley" TEN Two-seater.

CHESS.

KESHAN D DE, ALBERT TAYLOR, and M J F CREWELL.—If Black play 1. Kt to Q sq, we regret there is no mate next move.
A M SPARKE, JOHN WATTS, and P N BANERJI.—Problems received with thanks.

PROBLEM No. 3866.—By O. H. LABONE.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3864.—By the LATE J. B. FISHER.

WHITE BLACK
1. B to K Kt 3rd K to Kt 5th
2. B to R 4th K to B 6th
3. B mates.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3860 received from E V Early (Fatsan, China) and George Taylor (Paraguay); of No. 3861 from P N Banerji (Naini Tal, India); of No. 3862 from J Doney (Winnipeg), P N Banerji, and A J Khetsey (Bombay); of No. 3863 from C H Watson (Masham), Henry A Seller (Denver) and M J F Crewell (Tulsa Hill); of No. 3864 from R Entwistle (Bolton), Edward Boswell (Lancaster), J T Palmer (Church), Robert Young Armstrong (West Runton), M F J Crewell, and Herbert Russell (Leicester).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3865 received from E J Gibbs (East Ham), J Paul Taylor, P W Hunt (Bridgewater), P J Sheldon (Leeds), P J M Larranaga, H W Satow (Bangor), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), James A Curtis (Hastings), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), and C H Watson (Masham).

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Consultation game played at the meeting of the British Chess Federation at Malvern, between Messrs. JACOBS, SIEGHEIM and BIGELOW (White), and Messrs. SAUNDERS, P. W. SERGEANT and Dr. J. SCHUMER (Black).

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE BLACK
1. P to Q 4th Kt to K B 3rd
2. P to Q B 4th P to Q 3rd

Black's evident intention is to fight on unconventional lines, with a view of escaping the restraints imposed on the defence by the usual development.

3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K Kt 3rd
4. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Kt 2nd
5. P to K 4th Q Kt to Q 2nd
6. B to Q 3rd P to K 4th
7. P to R R 3rd P to B 3rd
8. B to K 3rd Castles
9. Q to Q 2nd R to K sq
10. Castles (K R)

White has certainly a well-marshalled line of pieces, but they are singularly inoperative as far as Black's freedom is concerned.

11. B takes P P takes P
12. K R to K sq Kt to Q B 4th
13. B to K 3rd Kt to K 3rd
14. B P takes P P takes P

There is little now to choose between the two positions; one is as good as the other.

15. B to Q Kt 5th B to Q 2nd
16. P takes P Kt to B 2nd
17. B to Q B 4th P to Q Kt 4th

18. B to Kt 3rd P to Q R 4th
19. B to Q Kt 6th

A very enterprising attack and a cool defence here begin, and provide some interesting and enjoyable play.

20. R takes R (ch) B takes R
21. Q to K 3rd P to R 5th
22. B to B 2nd P to Kt 5th
Spoiling White's hope of winning a piece, and leaving them but a disadvantageous exchange of Knights.

23. R to Q sq P takes Kt
24. P to Q 6th Kt (B 2) to Q 4th
25. B takes Q

There is nothing else possible. The loss of a piece is the price of declining the exchange.

26. P takes Kt Kt takes Q
P takes P

Decisive. A pretty and instructive game, with some theoretical points for consideration.

27. K to B 2nd R to B 3rd
28. B to Kt sq R to B 8th
29. K to K sq Kt to Q 4th

White resigns.

The leading steamship companies are all regularly stocking Burrow's Malvern waters, and, on their recent visit to the Colonies, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught were supplied with them. Americans visiting this country show a distinct liking for the Burrow's Malvern water, both still and sparkling, and genuine Malvern water is that bottled at St. Anne's Well only by Messrs. W. and J. Burrow, Ltd., the sole lessees.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE LOVE THIEF." AT THE COMEDY.

SOME of the most powerful acting London has been able to show for a long while is provided at the Comedy just now by Mr. Norman McKinnel in "The Love Thief." His rôle is that of a fierce-tempered bullying libertine, a bravo of the Renaissance era, as ready to stab to death a man who stands in his way as to push aside a woman who has served his turn. One situation of the play exhibits this *bête humaine* in chains, teased by the women he has discarded, taunted by a craven poet whom he has robbed of his mistress, and shamming madness to obtain release; in another scene we see him killing his brother by mistake, and then, through horror of his action, going mad in real earnest. The actor therefore has to cover a big range of the elemental emotions, and these emotions just suit Mr. McKinnel's rugged, masterful method, which can so easily convey a hint of savagery. As foil to him in the prolonged duel which is the play, we have Mr. Ernest Thesiger, than whom no one can suggest better the weakness that repels and nauseates, the type of creature that is unmanly at every turn. His portrait of the cowardly poet, whose only weapons for revenge are deceit and treachery, a decadent in all senses of the word, is only less clever than the work of Mr. McKinnel; while Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, though she is asked to impersonate a rather impossible type of light-o'-love, a woman unable to distinguish between her swains, proves afresh her skill in depicting the *amoureuse*; and Miss Dorothy Holmes Gore offers welcome relief in the character of almost the only amiable person in the story. The play itself is mere melodrama with a Medici setting; and if Mr. Fernald's adaptation from the Italian is poor enough stuff, the setting, designed by Mr. T. Komisarjevsky, is a thing of rare beauty.

"WOMAN TO WOMAN." AT THE GLOBE.

Those who like tearful scenes of sentiment over the fate of a child in the playhouse will find their taste gratified in Mr. Michael Morton's drama, "Woman to Woman," and in addition, they can promise themselves combats of rhetoric between two women-rivals which have a certain theatrical effectiveness. The women are a man's wife and mistress. The wife is childless; but the mistress, a French dancer, has borne him a child whom he wants his wife to adopt so that he can have a successor in his business. The wife objecting, her rival comes to her and argues the case with her, but without success until, when the dancer is just on the point of carrying off her boy and his father to France, the wife changes her mind. Having got her way, the dancer, who talks broken English and is threatened with heart trouble, now laments the loss of her child, and threatens to dance madly until her complaint kills her, but is dissuaded by her doctor from doing so in the interests of her son's future. Twenty-five years later, when the boy's father is dead and his adopted mother has also just died, and sent a message of reconciliation to her rival, the dancer has grown into a pretty, white-haired old

lady whom her doctor-attendant wants to marry. But her grown-up boy comes to ask her to rule his home, and, still speaking her broken English, she joyously consents, giving the poor doctor the go-by. Such is the story, artificial through and through. There are showy parts for the two women, and the management has secured a telling contrast of styles from their representatives. Miss Henrietta Watson has made hard and caustic types a specialty. Miss Wilette Kershaw, an American artist, has all the tricks of virtuosity at her command.

"SALLY." AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

"Sally" is bright and tuneful and rollicking; it furnishes a wonderful display of dresses; its butterfly ballet and the movable inner stage are sure to be the talk of the town; it discovers for us a new musical-comedy heroine from the States, in Miss Dorothy Dickson, who has taking ways and is the nimblest of step-dancers, if not exactly a ballet expert; it has got parts in the making for Mr. Leslie Henson and Mr. George Grossmith, which those comedians will know soon how to elaborate; it has its share—rather too plentiful a share—of sentimental ditties, and the right amount of delirious dance music; its chorus and *corps de ballet* and stage beauties work like Trojans, and its settings are some of them dreams of beauty. So the new Grossmith and Malone combine can rest for a moment on its oars; it has launched a costly enterprise with every prospect of success. Before very long Mr. Henson will have developed the humours of his part into something superlatively funny;



THE LIGHT SIDE OF RUSSIA AT THE LONDON PAVILION: (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. DALMATOFF, MME. KARABANOVA, AND MME. SMOLDOWSKAYA IN "KATINKA"—AN OLD POLKA OF THE 'SIXTIES"—AN ITEM OF THE "CHAUVE-SOURIS" PROGRAMME.

"Katinka" is an attractive item in the entertainment by the Chauve-Souris Theatre of Moscow at the London Pavilion, which has captured London as it did Paris. Mme. Karabanova dances the old polka with great verve. The setting and costumes were designed by M. Soudeikine.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

And very shortly too, no doubt, Mr. Grossmith the manager will see that Mr. Grossmith the actor has more chances of dance and song than in the droll trio and the two duets with vivacious Miss Heather Thatcher in which he gives us a touch of his old quality. As for Miss Dickson, she looks like being adopted as one of London's favourites.

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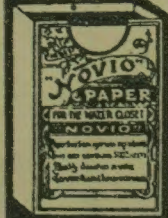
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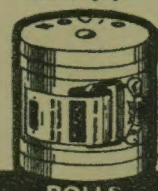
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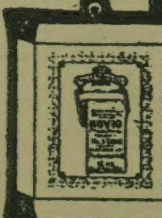
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